



The Scribe

Generation II, Vol. 1, No. 5

March 9, 1995

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Beecher, Nelson and White Asked to Resign

UB Exceeds Financial Aid Budget

by Johanna van der Stok

On Feb. 17, Interim President Rubenstein announced that the Dean of Admissions, Andrew Nelson, Director of Financial Aid, Harry White, and the University Chief Financial Officer, Michael Beecher had been asked to resign for exceeding the limits of the University's Admissions/Financial

UB would have to come up with \$5.5 to \$6.9 million by September 1995

Aid budget.

According to sources close to the situation, an audit done by Coopers and Lybrand, one of the two top accounting firms in the country, estimated that \$ 5.1 to \$ 5.9 million

were spent in Title IV funds, (federal student financial aid). This is \$ 2.1 to 2.9 million over the \$ 3 million that UB is allowed to grant students each year. One of the possible consequences entails UB losing all Title IV funding for the 1995- 96 year. When asked about this, Interim President Rubenstein stated that this would "depend on the action of the government", but that he was "committed to offering financial aid to students, and that there would be "no direct consequences for the students."

According to the same sources, UB would be charged with an automatic penalty of 10% of the overspent amount. This would mean that UB would be penalized at least \$210,000 in order to honor commitments to current and incoming students, UB would have to come up with \$5.5 to \$6.9 million by

September 1995. Interim President Rubenstein maintains that despite this unexpected expense, the University remains on "solid financial ground and will continue on the path."

UB student Abby Nachand who works in the admissions office and was present when the Interim President and two security guards came in and asked Nelson and White to leave, said that it was too bad it happened, and that they were "really nice guys." She acknowledged that "if it was better for the school, then it had to happen." Another student who wishes to remain anonymous asked, "why didn't Nelson and White know they couldn't give out more than they did? Why would they do it if they knew they'd be found out?" She also mentioned that she was surprised former President Eigel hadn't looked into the matter before it had

gotten so much out of hand.

Sources revealed Coopers and Lybrand also intimated that these actions could be construed as criminal violations. Missy Glenn, another student working in the admissions department mentioned that she was sad to see Nelson and White go, and that they had always been helpful. She considers what happened an

There would be "no direct consequences for the students"

President Rubenstein

"honest mistake" and concludes that President Rubenstein did the best job he could and that he handled the situation appropriately. Other admissions personnel refused to comment on the situation.

STUDENT FROM KOBE REVEALS

What It Was Really Like To Survive A Deadly Earthquake

by Jessica Han

For a while, Japan thought it had made itself quakeproof. Their confidence shattered in 20 seconds in early morning of January 17th, when a deadly earthquake struck Kobe, the sixth largest city in Japan.

"I was sleeping and suddenly I felt the house shake. Our family got out of the house and went to a shelter," says Hitoshi Oya, 20.

Oya, a management major at UB, was in his Kobe home for the winter break when the quake suddenly hit his home. The only UB student from Kobe says he felt over 10 earthquakes in his life but this was the biggest.

"It shook so much that everything ran into the wall. My house got cracked and all the furni-

ture fell down," he says. "I couldn't believe it. I thought Japan was sinking!!"

Oya says his family moved to his grandparent's house, north of Kobe, after the incident. Now, they are back in their home. "It's not fixed but they had no other place to go," he says.

The quake measuring 7.2 on the Richter scale collapsed houses, wrecked the roadways, destroyed ports, and started many fires. The earthquake killed one of Oya's friends and several of his family's friends. He says some of his friends

"I thought Japan was sinking!" says Hitoshi Oya, a survivor of the earthquake

are still living in public buildings and shelters.

"My family couldn't get water, electricity, and gas for five days," says Yoshitaka Ikada, an ELI student from Osaka. His city, 19 miles east of Kobe, was not hit as hard as Kobe but had considerable damage. Ikada was here in Bridgeport at the time of the quake but heard the shocking news from his family.

Since the 1923 earthquake that took 143,000 lives in Tokyo and

Yokohama, earthquakes have been a serious issue in Japan. The nation is constantly at risk as it sits at an intersection of four tectonic plates.

Although Japan had faith in their seismologists to predict the



upcoming earthquakes, Oya says it is impossible to know beforehand. "Another big quake can strike. It worries me but what can I do? It is a natural disaster," he says.

When asked if he plans to pursue a career in Japan, Oya said yes. "My family said to go and live in another place but it is difficult to immigrate to other countries because we lived in Japan for over 20 years," he replied.

The estimated losses of the Kobe earthquake could reach \$80 billion. Authorities believe it will take about a decade to bring the city back to life.

Faculty Endorses Rubenstein

by Markus Nottelmann

The General Faculty Council voted to endorse Interim President Rubenstein and to recommend his permanent appointment to the position of President of UB. In the discussion prior to the vote, several members of the faculty expressed their satisfaction with Dr. Rubenstein's achievement during his relatively short time at UB and their belief that he can help UB improve substantially.

Early in the discussion, outgoing President of the Faculty Council, Dr. Michael Grant, pointed out that the faculty council's decision would not be binding and that the Board of Trustees would have the final say in the appointment as interim president that he would not consider a permanent appointment without faculty support. The vote thus carried much importance in determining the future of UB.

One of the questions asked early during the discussion was why a formal search was not initiated. Dr. Grant explained that a group of Board of Trustees members had met earlier with the Faculty Council and

See Rubenstein, page 2



Hitoshi Oya of Kobe (left says his family had to stay in a public shelter. Yoshitaka Ikada of Osaka (right says his family has no electricity, water, or gas.

News

Information Superhighway - Through the Dorms

by Anuj Shroff

Soon each of the four residence halls will have access to the information superhighway. A terminal will be installed in each dorm, courtesy of the Computer Science and Engineering Department, so that one can log into the internet from the dorms. Prof. Steve Grodzinsky, Chairman, Computer Science & Engineering, agreed to provide the dorms with a monitor, a keyboard, and a modem - the equipment needed to go on-line, after the proposal was put to him at an Internet Orientation session addressed by him last semester. Whereas the

monitors and keyboards are available with the CSE dept., purchase orders for modems have been sent to the University Treasury.

In Cooper and Chaffee, the terminals will be installed in the RA office, while in Barnum and Seeley, the units will be placed in a room next to the RA office. Initially, the terminals will only be available for use till about midnight. However, in the near future, the units will be placed in the first floor lounges in the dorms, where they can be used 24 hours a day.

The internet, in the nineties, has become a powerful tool for communication and information exchange. It is essential for the students of the nineties to be exposed to this amazing tool, in order to be at par with the technology of the twenty

first century. E-mail is the mode of communication for the twenty first century; it is fast and efficient, not to mention the number of trees that can be saved using this form of communication. Fortunately, our University has its own network. A good use of the network could be made by centralizing the computer system in the University. Terminals in the dorms is a good first step. Installing computers in every room in the dorms should become a part of the University's long term plan. The internet is expanding very fast. All one has to do in order to explore its endless horizons is hook up to it. As a noted science writer wrote - *Internet - no one owns it, no one runs it. It's everyone's computer, connected.*

Rubenstein, continued from page 2

expressed their belief that time was of essence and that the Board is comfortable with Dr. Rubenstein leading UB into the immediate future. Furthermore, Dr. Grant stated that Dr. Rubenstein did not want to put off his decision regarding his relationship with Florida State University for much longer.

A member of the faculty commented that UB is about to undergo another accreditation process soon and thus requires stability. With several other impotent positions left to fill in the administration, it was important "to get the captain in place as quickly as possible."

Another faculty member said that "Dr. Rubenstein is a man of actions" and that he has a good relationship with PWPA. The faculty member stated that in his opinion Dr. Rubenstein is "the man for the job at this time."

During the debate it also became clear that the new president's role would be somewhat different than in the past. The Board of Trustees had expressed the hope that the president would be more of an academic leader, a good representative of UB and a fund-raiser. Unlike in the past, he would not be involved in the day-to-day administration of the university.

The motion to recommend Dr. Rubenstein's appointment as president of UB was eventually voted on after thirty minutes of discussion, and carried with thirty-six in favor, one against and one abstention. After the vote, several members of the faculty expressed their dissatisfaction with the way the debate ended. They charged that some of those who wanted to speak were not given a chance to express their opinions.

Dr. Juliusburger, who voted against the motion "out of principle," said that he had no objections against Dr. Rubenstein becoming president, but that he felt that "the debate on such an important issue should not have been cut short in this manner."

The Faculty Council will now communicate its decision to the Board of Trustees, which will make a formal decision on the appointment of the president.

The Scribe

To Inform, Persuade
and Entertain

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The Purple Pit - Marred by Conflict

by Monalisa Basu

The basement of the Student Center, otherwise known as the Purple Pit, has been torn by conflict between Mr. Marco Russo, the owner of T Maria Cafe II, and Mr. Amir Mokhtari who is in charge of the basement area.

Mr. Marco started his business in the middle of last November. Since then,



Mr. Marco Russo

the T Maria Cafe has been a convenient place for students and faculty to stop for coffee in between classes and to grab the occasional sandwich. However, there has been growing problems between the vender and his landlord.

Mr. Marco's main complaint is that Mr. Amir has not fulfilled any of his promises. According to him, he agreed to start his business at UB with the understanding that there would be other vendors here too. The lack of entertainment in the Purple Pit, the lack to "things to do," as Mr. Marco often stated, is hurting his business. "Student don't come here because there is nothing to do." In fact the agitated little claims that he tried to get some entertainment in

the form of a musical karaoke featuring the music students, where all students would be able to get in for free. Mr. Amir demanded that he should be paid \$100/hour for such an event. Mr. Marco absolutely refuses to give any money to Mr. Amir who, in his opinion, is trying to act as the middle man. Mr. Marco feels that his landlord does not have the necessary finances to expand the food court and attract other food vendors. He says, "You have to give the students what they need. Nothing else is happening here. This is not good for my business, and it is not good for this place."

According to Mr. Amir, however, things in the Purple Pit are moving along slowly but steadily. In fact he claims that the Convenience Store will definitely be open next week. Moreover, a hamburger and hot dog stand will be opened within a very short period of time. It is the process of being set up. Therefore, contrary to Mr. Marco's beliefs, the food court is expanding.

Mr. Amir also claims that he essentially rented the entire basement area from the school. Hence, anything that Mr. Marco ventures to do by way of entertainment has to be through him. So far as the rent is concerned, the University in order to start him off, gave Mr. Amir free lease for the first few months. Therefore, Mr. Marco doesn't pay rent until April 1. His rent also goes directly to the University. 10% of whatever he makes goes to the University.

The problem between the two seem to be growing

constantly. Details like not handling in receipts for the food during Orientation which Mr. Amir let T Maria provide, not cleaning up the kitchen area, not paying for his share of the cleaning materials, and not paying for his share of the ad which was placed in the Scribe are some of the contract. For instance, Mr. Marco is selling soft drinks without carbonate water, like ocean spray, which he is not supposed to do. As Mr. Amir stated, "Such terms of the contract were created for the vendor's protection."



Mr. Amir Mokhtari

Mr. Marco claims he needs other businesses to back him up. "If you take a business and put it in a corner by itself it will die," he says. The question is how will this conflict affect the students? It is hoped that the two will find a common ground. Else, what will happen to the Purple Pit? The basement has been dead and deserted for a long time. Finally, when it seems like things are actually happening there with the bowling alley, the game room, the T Maria Cafe, and the Convenience Store which should be opening as you read this article, a problem has risen.

Well, are they going to work out their problems? Or will their conflict be blown out of proportion and greatly affect the students? That remains to be seen.

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President Shares Opinions

by Markus Nottelmann

UB's Interim President Dr. Richard L. Rubenstein gave a talk on "Academic Excellence and Morality in the Classroom" on Friday, February 24 in the Tower Room of the ABC Building. An audience of



about seventy people that included a substantial number of UB faculty and student had gathered to hear him speak.

While the title suggested a relatively narrow topic, Dr. Rubenstein's talk turned out to be much broader in scope. Rather than focusing on the classroom alone, he

addressed the larger problems that western society faces today. He also, quite unexpectedly, expressed his various opinions on UB's general problems.

Throughout the one- and a-half hour talk and the thirty minute discussion that followed, the audience listened attentively as Dr. Rubenstein expounded on some of the deeply-rooted problems of western culture and the inability of the current system of education to cope with these problems.

According to Dr. Rubenstein, many of America's problems exist because of the vast cultural differences inherent in a heterogeneous society. Attributing Japan's phenomenal success to the fact that Japan is a homogenous society, he defined America's challenge as the finding of common ground in a "universe of values" that are apparent.

During his talk, the Interim President referred constantly to the many works of Max Weber, a sociologist, who did many studies on the differences between American and European education. Dr. Rubenstein used many of Weber's examples to shed light on America's educational problems, and, in particular, UB's

situation.

One of the major problems he sees at UB is that professors spend too much time teaching, and have too little opportunity for scholarship. He said that as students like their professors to be on the "cutting edge in their fields," it is of vital importance for UB's professors to be able to do more research in the future. Although he could not promise that funds would immediately be made available for research, he informed the audience that all departments had been asked to submit detailed budgets for the coming academic year and that projects would receive support if funding permits.

Dr. Rubenstein also touched on UB's present enrollment policy, which he hopes to fundamentally change during his presidency. Pointing out some of the problems of UB's enrollment status, notably a large drop in the SAT scores of incoming students, he stated his plan to play a very active role in the formation of a new policy. He hopes that this will raise the academic standard of UB's student body and improve the reputation of the University.

CRYING ROOF OF MARINA DINING HALL

by Nadia Ivanova

For the last three years the Marina Dining Hall has been having serious problems with roof leakage. Rain and melting snow run through gaps in the roof, falling down inside the cafeteria right in the pails which Marina workers prudently set underneath. There are several holes, the biggest one being near the deli line. Michael Larusso, Food Service

Director, cleared up this situation:

"Marina Dining Hall has a flat asphalt roof which has been worn out after many years. Several attempts to fix leakage places ended up in failure, because all roof coverage requires to be redone. This procedure is estimated at around \$100,000."

Marina management is concerned about this problem which was discussed with the administration. As

a result, UB will apportion the necessary sum to hire a crew to perform repairs. Most likely, it will be done this spring. Marina visitors will no longer see puddles on the floor and walk around pails containing water.

Mr. Larusso also reminds us that Monday-Friday 9-9.30 a.m. Marina Dining Hall offers continental breakfast. Everybody is welcome!

Visitors!

by Misuzu Haga

On February 26, about 160 Japanese women, who are members of "Women's Federation for World Peace" (WFWP) visited UB as part of their tour. Their tour meant that over 500 people have visited UB this semester.

As a world institution, WFWP tries to solve social problems and works toward world peace. In the Arnold Bernhard Center, Interim president Richard Rubenstein and Business School Director Frank Moriya were two of the guest speakers. They joked: "The centers of economics are New York, Los Angeles, and UB!"

The event was supported by Japanese Association. The visitors stated that they were well impressed by both the location and hospitality of UB.

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UB Briefs

* One of the Chaffee Hall guards who used to be grumpy and never opened front doors suddenly became positively changed. Spring influence?

* Because of frequent rains we have big puddles outside and in Marina Dining Hall.

* Some people who used to exit alarm doors in Marina were punished by being involved with "volunteer" work on February 18th, UB pride day. Any more volunteers?

* Wallace Southerland III decided to invade "people's rooms in Seeley Hall, in search for some missing hall furniture. Did you find anything Mr. Southerland?

* Does the word "mid-terms" sound familiar?

* The BSA party that took place last Saturday was alcohol free. However, people that cleaned up the room had a great opportunity to make a fortune on beer cans and bottles...

* Guys, there is no meat in the Marina. Let's kill two birds with one shot. Shoot those funky-punky, annoyingly screaming green parrots and have a fiesta. Donations will be collected for Marina, so that we can have a real dinner for a change.

* Residents of Seeley Hall were highly thankful to Wallace Southerland for warning about fire drills. That happened for the first time.

Nevertheless, some people forgot to wear their coats while taking a shower that day, so they rushed outside with towels around their hips looking like they mixed up Bridgeport with the Bahamas.

* For the past month: Seeley Hall suddenly turned into a hospital. So far around 5 people are stuck in their rooms with the chicken pox.

* In Cooper restless and wild residents are breaking toilet pans. This is sad!

* And Barnum - quiet 24 hours!

* Right now the university is trying to set up a new policy about children visiting their parents in dormitories. Officially kids cannot live with their parents. To improve another problem with jobs on campus why not open a kindergarten or babysitting club.

* According to new rules, no new jobs are being assigned to students on campus. The supporting staff, like secretaries, can already feel the increasing amount of work that used to be done by student workers.

* Don't be surprised if you open the Connecticut Post one day and see something like this in the classifieds: "Wanted by the UB: a Provost, a Dean of Admissions, a Director of Financial Aid, a Chief Financial Officer, and \$7 mil. in cash!" Other than that, everything is under control here.

* There's a proposal for a new alcohol policy on campus. If it is approved, this campus will be drier than the Sahara! Any comments?

* Happy Spring Break to everyone. Have fun and be good!!!!!!!!!!!!!!


Editorials

From Mark Abrams' Office

- March 9: Jazz Concert
 March 10: Applications for Fall 95 Orientation Staff Due
 March 21: BSA Black Notables Luncheon
 March 28: Academic Honors Reception
 April 8: International Festival
 April 27: Student Leadership Ceremony

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STUDENT POLL

Do you think condoms should be sold on campus?



"No question about it. We are adults. We can make adult decisions. There

is no doubt condoms are a necessity."

- Dana Castleberry



"They should sell them. They have to control the spreading of STDs."

- Angie Fisher



"Sure. There's nothing wrong with it. You can buy them at every gas

station. Why can't they sell them here for students' convenience?"

- Andrew Bilukha



"Yes. Easy access to condoms is very important. We should

practice safe sex."

- K. Schilke and S. Holland



"Sure. I think it'll help awareness and more people will be apt to use condoms if they are available."

- Sarah McKeown



"I thought they were given out free in the Health Center."

- Scott Leonardis

DO WE ALL NEED THE SAME KIND OF FUN?

by Nadia Ivanova
and Emilia Sherifova

Party, coming up! Numerous flyers clipped on dormitories, walls and doors. They invite us to join a night of party fun. Sounds great and I would like to join, but most likely I will not merge in with the atmosphere.

Overcrowded dark room, cigarette smoke, empty beer cans, and rolling rhythms of loud music.... You are welcome, but it feels like you are not. If you are not much of an out-going person and prefer a more intimate atmosphere, there is a chance you will feel strange and uncomfortable. Tastes differ. The usual campus party warmed up with booze and raised to the highest degree by the extra loud music feels cold for some of us.

Campus parties are enjoyed by many people and there is nothing wrong with it. The problem is there is no real alternative for people who prefer pop and jazz to rap and techno, calmer parties to wild ones.



Give Us A BREAK!

by Evie Andreou

Towards the end of last semester, I walked into Public Safety to interview someone who works there about an incident that raised serious questions over the effectiveness of the beeper. I went there totally prepared for the interview. What I was not prepared for, though, was the verbal attack that I received from this person. Basically, he accused my staff and myself of using notorious "journalistic tricks" to create controversial news. A similar incident to the one above, but in a milder form, took place at the beginning of this semester, when a lady who works on the admissions floor in Wahlstrom Library told me that she had a problem with some of the stories we publish in The Scribe. She said that we look into things too much and we turn simple stories into controversial ones. There are a few other people who share the "concern" of the two people mentioned above, but I will only refer to one of them. This person has a very important position in Residential Life, and he likes to make sure that people do not forget how important his position is. The assistant editor of The Scribe, Jessica Han, interviewed him for a story that was published in the last issue of the newspaper. At the end of the interview, he decided to give Jessica one of his flashy power displays: He

demanded to read the interview on paper, and change anything that did not sound right in it, obviously suspecting a conspiracy to ruin his "glorious" reputation in The Scribe.

Since the phrase "off the record," is a very popular one here at UB, I have not mentioned the names of the people involved in the incidents described above. However, there are a few things I would like to say to these people, straight and "on the record."

First of all, believe it or not, my staff and I have better things to do with our time than sit around and try to make people look bad, in The Scribe. Some of the people here are doing such a good job at making fools of themselves that they really do not need us to give them a hand. There is enough controversy about this place to make the Council of Concerned Citizens more concerned than ever. Why would we want to create more controversy ourselves?

We, The Scribe staff, are trying hard to perform the highly misunderstood (by some people) task of informing the people at UB, as fully and accurately as we can, about what is going on around them. It is stupid to try to avoid the truth, hoping that it will change to something less painful before we have to hear it. The first step to solving a problem is to admit that it exists. Some of the people here would not admit that

there is a problem if it hit them on the head with a baseball bat! Yes, there are also many good things going on at this university, and we are glad to inform you about them. However, it is not our role to act as cheerleaders. It is not our job to "see no evil" and "hear no evil;" there are other people here who are getting paid to do this job. We are a group of students who hold responsible and active positions on campus. We are not getting paid to put this paper together - something that does not work like this at other universities - and our only rewards for hours of stressful work, are the words or letters of congratulations from people who appreciate our work. We should not have to put up with people's abuse! We are not perfect, and we have never claimed to be so. We sometimes make mistakes that may offend people. This is when we need you to point out these mistakes to us, and help us to improve the quality of our newspaper. However, your freedom of speech ends where our freedom of speech begins, and we reserve the right to defend our position, if we feel that you are being unfair or unreasonable. We will not tolerate any more baseless accusations from people who do not have a clue of what it takes to put the newspaper together you are holding in front of you now. To put it all in one sentence: Give us a break!

What is UB?

by Michiko Murayama

Compared with other universities in the United States, we can say the University of Bridgeport is an "International University." Why? According to the Admissions Office data, about 25 percent of whole student body at UB are international students who come from 50 foreign countries. Over this campus, we hear many different languages such as Russian, Greek, Malaysian, Japanese and Korean almost everyday. It sounds international but honestly speaking it is not true.

"I have few friends besides Japanese," one of my Japanese friends said to me. "I cannot make friends with the other students, especially Americans, because of language barrier," she continued. Well, some students, like her, might have difficulty communicating with other students in English. But it is more than that.

In Chaffee Hall, for example, not only myself but other students must also notice a distance between American and international students even though we have no problem speaking English. The reason comes from different nationality, race and other causes. We as UB students are studying on campus together, but it does not mean that we communicate with each other.

The problem is that we are not trying to integrate. It is easy not

accept a new thing in the beginning because we are afraid to know it, and also it takes time and energy. But think about that. UB students have the great opportunity of being able to meet people from 50 countries and getting to know their traditional cultures in one place. Other universities do not have the same chance as UB. Look at Marina Dining Hall. Most students make a circle with their friends who are from the same country. It is sad, isn't it? We just do not realize the great opportunity that we are missing.

Classes give us a sharing time, just like a working time in a company. The difference is, however, that we can have more free time on campus. It would be a good idea if international students could tutor mathematics to domestic students who are struggling with the subject, in exchange for learning English. Or making a traditional food like "sushi" in dormitories would be a wonderful experience for those who have never tried to eat it before.

Once a year, the International Festival is held on campus, which is fantastic event to enjoy so many different kinds of foods and traditional performances from all over the world. But the event does not provide enough time to understand each other. We really need to create this kind of sharing experience more often on an individual basis as I mentioned.

Identifying where we are from is quite important in life. For the next century, however, our age will be required to become a new generation in understanding the difference of each country. A "Global village" is not built in a day.

If we try to make an effort for it from now, the "global village" will be attainable. What makes it come true? — breaking up our own barriers and trying to make new friends on campus. The University of Bridgeport is not only where we study and get a degree but where we learn how to create a new culture for the future, based on the understanding of the many different cultures that we have.

No pets allowed...

by Victoria Abakumova

Living in the dorms is a lot of fun. Meeting students from other countries, getting to know each other's culture, traditions and tastes. Making new friends...

Nevertheless, there are moments when you feel kind of lonely without a pet that would warm you with its presence, look at you with dark button-eyes; the so called small brothers and sisters that you feel passionate for. But the Key to UB declares: "No pets are allowed in the dorms!"

Well, keep your heads up my friends. Just look around and you will see how many brothers and sisters that actually can't wait to be adopted are near us. Search in the closets, tables, shortly speaking, in the dark corners of the dorm rooms. If you aren't so lucky, visit the kitchen or maiden rooms.

Cockroaches. They are everywhere. And what a variety. Bugs come in all sizes, even tints; feel free to pick anyone you like.

I still remember "a good old time" when two of these creatures were living in our room. Cockroaches were given names. They used to eat our food and sleep in the shoes. Soon it got to the point when the peaceful bugs decided to bring into this world a dozen baby-roaches. Such an independent behavior wildly struck us. That was more than we could take.

Sometimes the university hires bug terminators who try to help to get rid of unwanted pets by spraying chemicals all over the dorm. However, we don't see these people so often anymore. So, it is all up to us. My roommate and I decided not to pollute our environment and, instead, make the Key to UB statement clearer: "no pets are allowed, even roaches."

The bugs' impudence ended up sadly. I don't remember vividly how it was, perhaps beneath a shoe or maybe a book, and, finito la comedia!

Who you are speaks so loudly I can't hear what you're saying.

- Ralph W. Emerson

Letters to The Editor

Dear Evie,

You and your staff have worked very hard this year to bring to the campus a quality newspaper and I commend you for all of your efforts. The Scribe is a paper that has a long history with UB. It is certainly wonderful to see the commitment and professionalism continued. If there is anything that I can do at any time please just ask! Thank you for all your efforts and I wish you continues great success.

Sincerely, Janet Merritt.
Dean of Students

Evie,

I just finished reading the Scribe from

cover to cover! It was great once again. Keep it going. It is making a big difference on campus.
Mark Abrams.

I am pleased with the article on Residence Halls repairs. However, there was a slight error that should be reclarified as it relates to reporting problems. Once the student has reported the problem to the RA or RD and it's been documented on the Maintenance Repair Slip, the RD's job is to deliver it to maintenance, not the student's. Keep up the good work!
Wallace Southerland III

Mental

I am still standing, all dry, between two possibilities: Is it just rain, or tears coming down from an internal sky over a memory? I grew up too much in order to name the phenomena without being cautious of what I say—"This is rain, while these are tears." Spring is flirting around with me, but I'll never switch to another path for the sake of a breeze. I don't care what the sunset looks like; I won't pay with my blood for some similarities. The dreams that I had were proven to deserve no respect: They betrayed me by going away with other sleeps, during some other nights; nights that knew nothing about the mental edge, my mental edge, that gave birth to those dreams.

Get up and Smell the Flowers

by Denise G. Monteiro

Yes, I've heard this music before.

This song used to be a divine melody to my ears, but now, its repetition is driving me to a migraine attack. And the smell of the flowers is making me nauseous.

All I wish is that the light here wasn't so dim, for I'm having a hard time writing these words.

The distance between us is only about twenty feet, yet it feels like we are worlds apart. He looks as beautiful as he did that time when we went to Crossland Park with his grandmother. I remember him running in the fields, chasing butterflies. I sat by the lake observing the scene. Then he approached me, and his hands I saw a daisy. I thought he would give it to me, but he looked deep into my eyes, raised the flower close to his face, opened his mouth and ate it!

At first I was shocked, naturally, but afterwards I saw him in a beauty incomparable to anything I had seen before. Just the thought of him having pretty, little flowers in his stomach amused me. It was as if he was consuming beauty, which, somehow, would be transformed into him.

Now, as I sit here and stare at him, I see the same beauty I remember seeing that day in the park; only today it feels like the flowers are overtaking him, like they're ready to eat him. It feels like the flowers are jealous of him, and that they want back the beauty he took from them.

He used to eat flowers because he thought it was such poetic act. I used to watch him eating them because I thought it was like an art performance.

So, I look at him now. His beauty is still as a masterpiece art work in a museum.

I wish he'd talk to me and say something like, "Clara, your name means 'light' in some foreign tongue." In response, I used to think, "Yes, and yours means God in my own personal language." I wish I could hear his voice, but he is as silent as a great composer's music sheet. All I hear is that elegiac song, over and over again. The volume of this sound is getting louder and louder in my head, but it doesn't bother me at all.

Time has stopped. It will soon begin again, though. I'll have to deal with tomorrow, and he with eternity.

I'm surrounded by hypocrites pretending they cared. They even have the right outfits to go along the game. The right colors. The right facial expressions. I can see through them. They are only worried about their fate

to come, not his past. His grandmother stands out, though. She's so old that her flesh has started to turn into weird colors and shapes. She's wearing a shirt that has a computerized image of her own face along with his at the front. Underneath this picture there're golden letters saying, "My beloved Julian and I." She is crying quietly, but, somehow, I can hear her thoughts saying: "Don't worry; I will join you soon...."

I see a little girl sitting behind the old lady. She's trying to color a book with a pencil. The pencil's lead is broken. I wonder if he'll be able to see her, from somewhere, when she's about his age.

One thousand and one times I asked him to wait. Two thousands and three times he told me he couldn't. He wouldn't wait for me or for anyone. He dreamed of floating like clouds, flying like eagles, being light as air. He wished forever to live in a garden of daisies and roses; I was satisfied in having a garden in my front yard. The



thought of non-existing was precious to him; for me it left an empty feeling in my stomach.

The flowers have won. Not too long from now, he'll become one with them. Soon enough what is left of him will supply them food. Pretty soon, his wish will be granted: He'll live forever in a garden.

I won't pretend I'm sad. I'm not going to weep. I haven't even brought him a single flower.

He always used to tell me, that if he ever were to die before me, I should make his death visible to the world. So he made me promise him that after his death, every year, on the anniversary of his departure, I would dig up his body from his grave, open the coffin, take photographs of his decomposing flesh and exhibit them in a gallery. So I shall make art with what's left of him.

How limited of him to think that his death would be situated inside his decaying body!

I feel it everywhere.

Untitled

My insides are expounded
And defined by the sticky shadow
Weighing my feet
Down,
Heavy,
Taller than I planned to be.
Negative not me
Is growing outside
Pulling my raising feet downward.

Mercury flies two-faced
On the inner part of Heaven
Blistered, spinning,
Forced and frozen,
Staring into (the face of God)
Charred, cracked
Face of indignity.
The eternal, stubborn gaze.
Concurrently the shunted lover
Must lock its quenching embrace
Of water, ice, rock
Towards empty, cold space.

Day and night crippled.



My White Moments

These are my moments of truth;
My very special, white moments
In the darkness that wraps around
And dissolves
All that I let you see in the light.

These are the moments when
The truth in me is bleeding
On a cross of artificial light
And the damp eyes of a child
are scanning my skin
For signs of betrayal.

These are the moments I wish you
were here,
But you dissolved in the darkness
Before my other lies.

by M.

Unless

Please, never let me trace your
Lips with the back of my hand,
Nor allow the casual brush between
The tiny hairs
On our cheeks,
Unless.
Unless, the rush-hearted pounding
Draws us
Thought-less,
Care-less,
Hope-less.
Unless.
Unless, upon the delicate, sticky sweetness
Of one impassioned kiss,
Or
The gentle pause of circling tongues
Stirs our hardened, unbelieving
Insides.
Unless.

- d'Andrea

I Let Go, Without Knowing

I never lessened the world's clear cut
faces;
I only fed the world's mysteries—
And it took me many sacrifices to do
so.
I accepted with my arms wide open
Whatever came up to me blind-folded
And with carefully hidden intentions.
That's the way that I accepted all those
mysteries,
And that's the way I let them all go:
Blind-folded and with their intentions
still carefully hidden.
It was riddles that I borrowed;
It was riddles that I gave back—
untouched.
I chose not to know how to solve a
"yesterday," or
How to solve an "it depends."
I preferred not to know what I was
touching:
Was it a face, or simply an "I'm in a
hurry?"

I didn't even force you to
to go out in the light
So that I could see your features.
I did stand like Penelope, there,
In your unbalancing worries.
I never asked you anything;
Remember—I return the riddles
Same way that they are given to me.
And if I asked you once how I could
ever solve you,
I'm sorry.
It must have been one of those summer
days
When Penelopes—and not only—
Get overwhelmed by that demon of the
water
So that the one eternal riddle can be
worshipped:
"How come that thirst is always
unquenched?"

by -P., as in Pandora

Edge

A Small Love Story Under the Shades of Light

by Vassiliki Albani

There are only a few nights with moon that I like. I used to observe people when I was younger, but after a while—you know—the sight might be still active, but the mind is getting tired.

People. So many of them. They can easily separate your mind from yourself. People were, for me, like cars on a main avenue during rush hour; I was always paying attention to all the other cars, and I never paid any attention to mine.

I remember one boy; actually, he was a man. It doesn't matter, anyway. He was moving under the daylight as if he was ruling the world. He was one of those people that have to remain like a stamp one someone's memory. He was supposed to be happy, I think. He was always carrying a rubberband. He loved rubberbands. He could stretch them, and twist them, and play with them. So many things. Maybe he liked them because they were adding some flexibility in his life. And if something was really bothering him, he twisted one of those rubberbands around it, and just killed it. Easily. He was always smiling. How couldn't he be smiling? Everyone admired him. He was like a god under the sunlight in front of all the other people's eyes. A golden god. I don't like golden things. Too shiny? Maybe. I don't know. Why should I know? Maybe all that glittering blinds the eyes and they cannot see things the way that they really are. Maybe. I don't know, I told you. Well, the point is that his picture is still clear on my mind: shiny, bold, with his rubberbands, provoking my dislike. Another one that disgusts my sight.

But he never appeared during the night-time. I waited so many times to see if he was going to turn silver or something, under the moonlight. Like the other boy that I knew. Actually, he was a man. It doesn't matter, anyway. He only appeared under the moonlight. And he was like a silver god. He always used to carry a book with him. He was reading it during the night. How could he be reading it during the night? No one knew. But he was really into it. And he was so proud of himself, too. He was saying that he was doing that

because, that way, he couldn't see the words clearly, so he could use his own words instead of the book's words. Wasn't that ridiculous? Probably he was afraid to directly create his own stories, and he was really protected by the idea that he was just recreating someone else's stories. Everyone admired him, though. I didn't. I still don't. You know, I don't like silver. It glitters, too. And, I told you, it can easily turn the eyes blind.

Now, I remember another boy. Actually, another man. It doesn't matter anyway. I don't know how he looked like. He always appeared during cloudy nights, so that no one could see him. Probably, no one could feel him, either. I could. I was always



sensing his presence. He was discrete. But every time he came out of his hiding place, I was feeling that the world had a reason to exist. I know I was getting that feeling because of him. He was walking around and he was touching all the things that the daylight or the moonlight had destroyed. And he was bringing them back to life. Daisies, walkpaths, cans...everything. But he never talked. I could only hear him breathing. I could feel the warmth of his breath everywhere. That, I know. But I never had the chance to thank him. I never had a chance

Congratulations!

Professor Sharyn Skeeter who has been in UB for one year now as an adjunct professor in English and Mass Communications, has won this year's **Other Voices/Routes Poetry Award** in Honor of James Weldon Johnson. Skeeter has also been appointed literature and poetry editor of **Collage** magazine. The **Scribe** staff would like to congratulate Skeeter and wish her more success in the future.

We are honored to publish two poems by professor Skeeter in the section below.

Western Trail Cook, 1880

Mostly, the men
want buffalo steak
and soda bread
tea cakes are too
sweet for trappers'
blood when they come
to my cabin whiskey
drunk, they call me
Old Sarah and lasso
my skirts

Tom, my man, died
on a rope in Missouri
I followed cattle
Herds to Texas
Baby died of fever
dug dry earth out back
with my raw hands
covered his body
with brown rocks
and tumbleweed

Monkey John called
me a lady
fried me prairie dog
with bacon
unbuttoned my
checkered dress
left me a room
of tobacco smoke

- Sharyn Jeanne Skeeter

California, 1852

This earth gave us
nothing but granite and oak
I am not rich

last month when my
shovel broke, me
and Mexican Joe
got some pans
went down to the river
at dawn
green moss slimey
on rocks
shining in water
no gold

I am free
I am a mountain lion
without a deer
hungry I go
to the mine

boss man clean
against the pines
in soft leather shoes
and tall hat
pays us with vinegar pie
and red beans
I dig gold from cliffs
its weight like iron
chains pulls
tight around my chest

- Sharyn Jeanne Skeeter

to show him my admiration. Simply, because he never wanted to make his presence known. He was always staying away from people. If only I knew his name!

Well those little heroes of mine always appear in the darkness; those real heroes of mine always move on in the darkness. You know, there are only a few nights with moon that I like.

"Dreams are what
you wake up from."

- Richard Ford

Campus Life

Snaps, Music and Dance

by Frank Ajisegbe

"Your mother was so black when she went to night school the teacher thought she was absent!" This is an insult fit to make go to court; however, when it is shouted in a snap contest, it is meant to entertain, not offend.

The BSA sponsored an evening of laughs and music in the Purple Pit, to celebrate Black History Month on Saturday, February 25.

It was a marathon of raps and dance night in a room so dark you could touch the color. A lone flickering light revealed multitudes of moving human heads like bees around a honey comb. When asked to explain the reason for the heavy turn out, Tracy Joseph, the braided

president of the BSA said, "This is an important occasion for black students, and they know it." The smell of sweat and Marlboro filled noses. And vacant smiles of ecstasy hung on faces as DJ Cook from Yale, ate the night away with his rap loaded selections.

"The night is too short for this show," said Amira, a member of Ujama, a group from Sacred Heart University which is equivalent to the BSA.

Recently, rumors of the BSA's internal conflict had filled the air. However, when Mike Corbett, former president of BSA was asked a question regarding the future of the organization, he responded, "... this party sends a message that BSA is in order."

1995 FALL ORIENTATION STAFF

IT IS NOW TIME TO PLAN FOR FALL ORIENTATION ACTIVITIES

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CAMPUS THE WEEK BEFORE CLASSES BEGIN IN AUGUST, BECAUSE ORIENTATION WILL BEGIN THAT WEEK.

SPOTLIGHT

Rod Carveth

The Scribe Advisor

Born Aug. 25, 1954

Gloucester, MA



What is the one thing you cannot live without?

Coffee

If you could change something about yourself, what would it be?

Be tall enough to play center for the Boston Celtics

If you were not here, where would you like to be?

Disney World (where else?)

If you were not a professor at UB, what would you like to be?

A Disk Jockey

If you could play the leading role in the remake of a movie, what role would it be?

The Jack Nicholson character in Once Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest

If you could dedicate a song to President Eigel, what would it be?

"Money" by Pink Floyd

What is the best thing someone said about you?

That I was a great father

What is the worst thing someone said about you?

Sorry, this is a family newspaper

What is the most effective thing to do to get you angry?

Lie to me

Where do you see yourself 20 years from now?

Still advising the Scribe

We are psyched because...

- * Rubenstein - "Whatta man, whatta mighty good man!"
- * Girls' Basketball Team - Good job, ladies!
- * Frank, the new Resident Director, - The best counselor, the best hair.
- * Spring Break is finally here - "All I wanna do is to have some fun."
- * Rod Carveth - even though he is not tall enough to play center for the Boston Celtics.
- * Weather- The weather forecasts were all wrong No snow storms this year!
- * Nine weeks till the end of the semester!
- * ...The Scribe, of course!

We are totally indifferent about...

- * Computer terminals in the dorms. Fix the ones we already have first.
- * Replacing some of the beepers to make them more effective. Do you feel safe now?
- * Student Congress meetings are on Tuesdays. Are you going to attend?
- * Alcohol and drug surveys - as if anyone will admit he is high on cocaine.
- * O.J. Simpson Trial - by the time it is over, even he will forget if he did it!
- * Mardi Gras celebration in the Marina- did anyone notice it?
- * Whether the Council of Concerned Citizens likes us or not!

We are down about...

- * Swimming instead of walking in Marina.
- * Drinking diet Coke instead of Coors light at pub nights.
- * Men's basketball team - They had all the support but it looks like they lacked the spirit. Too bad!
- * Saturday nights at UB.
- * Eating pasta at the Marina seven days a week.
- * Wallstrom Library - time to invest in some new books, don't you think.
- * Going out of the Marina and smelling like shrimp with garlic sauce.

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66

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Sports

UB Baseball Team Looks Promising

Coaches



Dennis K. Whalen: Head Coach



John 'Chuck' Simone: Asst. Coach



Bob Butwell: Asst. Coach

Returning Players

Bob Bolduc: Captain
Pitcher/OutfielderMike Constantini
Pitcher

New Players

Chris Beauchesne
Catcher/OutfielderJim Rontek
Infield/PitcherEric Klayman
First Base/Des. HitterJohn Margiotta
Out FielderVincent Arjune
2nd Base/Short StopKevin Huber
Short StopBrian Bartholomew
Catcher/OutfielderMondre Credle
InfielderRaoul Gatchalian
2nd BasePhilip Gerretsen
PitcherJohn Paula
Pitcher/First BaseTim Young
OutfielderJim Vidal
Pitcher/OutfielderMike Billica
OutfielderUB Baseball 95
Home Schedule

Day	Date	Team	Time	#Games
Sat.	March 25	Teikyo Post Univ.	Noon	2
Sun.	March 26	St. Joseph's Patchogue	Noon	2
Wed.	March 29	Albertus Magnus	3:30 PM	1
Fri.	March 31	Keene State	3:30 PM	2
Sat.	April 1	Keene State	Noon	2
Sun.	April 2	Lehman College	Noon	1

All games are played at the Seaside Park

UB Baseball Team comes back stronger than ever! Even you would get this opinion after chatting with Dennis Whalen, the coach of the UB baseball team. "Every season is a new one," he said. "Last season we had the record of 7 wins and 18 losses. We face a schedule of 41 games this year." A lot of new players came in this year, and the season looks very promising, according to the head coach.

Fourteen new players have either transferred to the team from other colleges or are new players and this will bring a lot of experience and depth to the squad. A returning player, Mike Constantini, reveals: "I feel good about the team but we gotta work together." Captain Bob Bolduc is also returning. "As long as we stay away from injuries," Coach Whalen said, "we should improve on last season's record." After a grueling fall schedule, the players are ready to begin a new season on March 17. New players, as well as fans, are encouraged to come out and try for the team to help make it an exciting season.

Liza Camaj

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Coming April 8th, 1995

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WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Impatience Costs UB the Title.

Team's road through the NECC's postseason tournament.

February 28, NECC quarterfinals at Harvey Hubbell Gymnasium. UB-Keene State.

"Pre-season is over now," said coach Herer to his players before the game. And in truth, nothing mattered at that point. Not even those 19 wins the team had on its record list. Only a win would allow any team to advance to the further stage of the NECC tournament.

With Nicolle Bridgeforth off (severe bronchitis), UB was left with seven players, three of whom (Davis, Williams, Grayson) were affected with injuries or the flu. But as the game started, none of those effects could be

The bus is heading to the gym. Game starts in about an hour. Sarah stares at one point and seems to be immersed in far-away thoughts. Little nervousness on Desiree's face as she bites her lips. Nicolle sits right in front of her, with her eyes scurrying to and fro, failing to find an object of distraction. Tanisha and Cathy are immersed in music, thus blocking out all-around noises. Latasha, Dana and Medina—taking a nap.

Earlier in the day, all four semifinal teams gathered in an official banquet, where commissioner of the New England Collegiate Conference gave out

before calming down. UB's ahead until the last minute of the first half when its lead is finally snapped away with a 3-point shot of Le Moyne's, Jeanne Dupree. Opponents trying to take out Latasha, which they accomplish successfully. Davis, who during the season averaged 19 points a game, doesn't score a single one during the first twenty minutes. However, Le Moyne pays its price on that with the center Anspach's three fouls.

During the second half, none of the teams leads more than four points. Though struggling on the floor, Davis's persistence leads to Anspach fouling out with 10:43 to go in the game, leaving Le Moyne without much of an inside strength. However, outside still does its job. UB, not receiving its usual points from Davis, gets them from Williams and Wilfong.

Two minutes to go in the game. UB's ahead 55-54. Minute to go-58-56. Thirty seconds-game tied. UB's possession. Five seconds to go. Four, three, two. Wilfong shoots. Ball hits the rim with the buzzer going off. Overtime.

None of the teams want to leave the court beaten. And none of them deserves to lose, although everybody knows that one eventually will.

When Sarah Wilfong's drive to the basket earns UB a three point lead with 13 seconds left in overtime, the coaches take a deep breath. But it's not a victory yet. Le Moyne takes a ball down the court, and Dupree, with 6.5 seconds on the clock, takes a desperate shot beyond the 3-point line. It falls in. Another overtime?! At least Sarah Wilfong and Dana Williams don't think that way. Sarah takes the ball out with a skip half-court pass to Dana, who at that point sees nothing but the basket. There is still time. Dana goes up for the lay-up, and ... misses. Official's call stops the game with 1 second on the time clock. Williams has been fouled. Free throws will decide the outcome of the game. They both fall in, and the girls, having given all they could, break down into tears. They advance to the NECC finals.

March 4, NECC Finals. UB-UMass Lowell

If you looked at the scoreboard with five minutes played into the game,

you would never guess two teams were playing basketball. While UMass has five points on their side, UB is still scoreless. Turnovers follow one after another. Coaches going crazy on both sides. And while UB keeps on arguing officials' calls, the opponent makes a 15-4 run. The team wants to get back, but rushes the shots, missing most of them. UB goes into halftime with its poorest offensive performance of the season—18 points, shooting 17%.

There is so much that could be said, or nothing at all, in situation like that. You just have to put the first half behind, go out and show the game worth of the final.

"Patience will win the game," assistant coach Jim Kish says to the players in halftime. "If you won't have it, forget the win". Either struck by these words or a new vision of the game, the



In the middle: Senior Center, Nicolle Bridgeforth after her last regular season home game

noticed. The coaches calmed down when the team's aggressive defensive play showed its success. Maybe that's why Herer's water intake during the game was reduced, and going into halftime, he had a sustainable smile on his face. The scoreboard said it all—UB led 32-11. There was not much to talk about other than to be ready for Keene State's comeback, as they had done it before. Fortunately enough, injured players showed the game up to their ability, and all the rest dealt with seeming pre-game pressure quite well, as the Knights won 73-36.

"It was one of the best games of the season," said coach Herer, "however, we still have two goals to accomplish—win post-season tournament and make it to NCAA's".

March 3, NECC semifinals at University of Massachusetts, Lowell. UB-Le Moyne College.

the awards to the best players and named the All-NECC teams. It is a big moment for UB, when Sarah Wilfong and Latasha Davis are named to the 1st conference team. A little thrill in the air as Player of the Year award is announced. Latasha Davis from the University of Bridgeport. Applause and exultation cease almost as quickly as it has started. It is not time to celebrate yet, and the girls know that.

During the regular season teams met twice, each winning a game, moreover, on the road and with a margin of more than 18 points. Coaches, as well as the girls, knew that this was going to be a close game.

"We have to win, if we've come this far," senior center, Nicolle Bridgeforth said shortly before the game. "This is gonna be real close, but we are not losing."

Game starts a little chaotic



Latasha Davis-NECC Player of the Year

players return to the court as a different team. UMass is caught with 4:30 into the second half. UB even goes ahead, leading 42-39 with 7:30 to play. Then comes the break, which, as it later turned out, decided the outcome of the game. During next six minutes, UB scores three to opponents 15 points. And the final-47-56. Last glance at the Cup, which will not go back to Bridgeport. Not this year.

by Santa Puce

Athlete's Profile: Desiree Arbucho



Age: 19
Hometown: Paramus, NJ

Year at school: Sophomore
Major: Human services/Education
Sports: basketball/crosscountry
Subject at school:
-likes: English
-dislikes: Aesthetics
Favourite book: "Everything I need to know I learned in kindergarten"
Last movie: Higher Learning
Food:
-likes: spaghetti, lasagna
-dislikes: meatloaf
Childhood dream job: clown
Career goal: Open up a day care with my sister
Lucky number: 5

People:
-values: respect and individuality
-disvalues: liars
Age started to play basketball: 3rd grade
Nickname: Des
Athlete/Idol: Charles Barkley
Best athletic memory: winning the NECC last year
Most important person in life: Family
Aspiration for this season: to do real well in the NCAA's
Quote you live by: When God measures an athlete, he puts the tape measure around the heart not the waist.

Team Gets a Bid in the NCAA

The Necc champion UMass-Lowell received an automatic bid in the NCAA tournament.

Ub had to wait to see if its record(21/7) would give them a place in the tournament. Early Sunday morning, the team found out that it had received an automatic bid in the NCAA tournament. In the first round, Tuesday night, it faced Bentley College. By the time you receive this issue, you'll already know if the team has advanced to the next round of the tournament.

Sports

SCOREBOARD

MEN'S BASKETBALL

Feb. 13	UB-Umass Lowell.....	55-85
Feb. 15	UB-Southern Ct.....	84-86
Feb. 18	UB-Keene State.....	100-74
Feb. 22	UB-Sacred Heart.....	73-75
Feb. 26	NECC Quarterfinals	
	UB-Franklin Pierce.....	66-75

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Feb. 13	UB-Umass Lowell.....	66-61
Feb. 15	UB-Southern Ct.....	80-59
Feb. 18	UB-Keene State.....	71-58
Feb. 22	UB-Sacred Heart.....	77-59
Feb. 28	NECC Quarterfinals	
	UB-Keene State.....	73-36
March 3	NECC Semifinals at UMass Lowell	
	UB-Le Moyne.....	75-73(ot)
	NECC FINALS	
	UB-Umass-Lowell.....	47-56

GYMNASTICS

Feb. 25	at Westchester, Pa.	
	Team-182.95-1st place	
All-Around:		
-Varney.....	36.95	
-Mugglin.....	36.15	
-Dickey.....	35.95	
Vault:		
-Ulett.....	9.45	
-Varney.....	9.25	
-Dickey.....	8.9	
Uneven bars:		
-Varney.....	9.4	
-Dlugas.....	9.2	
-Mugglin.....	9.1	
Balance beam:		
-Dickey.....	9.5	
-Mugglin.....	9.4	
-Scanlon.....	9.35	
Floor exercise:		
-Ulett.....	9.475	
-Varney.....	9.45	
-Scanlon.....	9.1	

March 1	UB-Brown University	
	Team-185.625*-172.075	
	*a new school record	
All-Around:		
-Varney.....	37.75 (1st)	
-Dickey.....	37.075 (2nd)	
Vault:		
-Ulett.....	9.525	
-Dlugas.....	9.5	
-Varney.....	9.35	
Uneven bars:		
-Varney.....	9.275 (1st)	
-Richard.....	9.225 (3rd)	
Balance beam:		
-Varney.....	9.5 (1st)	
-Ulett.....	9.4 (2nd)	
Floor exercise:		
-Varney.....	9.625	
-Ulett.....	9.525	
-Dickey.....	9.425	

Last home meet is March 18, at 1 p.m., in Wheeler Recreation Center, against University of

MEN'S BASKETBALL

The End of a Promising Season.

For the last two minutes of the game, coach Webster stared in the Harvey Hubbell Gymnasium floor instead of the court. The season was close to being over for his team. There was no chance for a wonder to come, not even talking about time. A come back from minus 15 in the last two minutes? Unlikely, with 29% shooting from the floor. No, that was it.

It was hard to believe that after such an inspiring season the men's team had, it was slumpy and helpless to win the game against the 7th ranked Franklin Pierce College at the first round of the NECC tournament. The game that mattered the most was simply given away.

Harvey Hubbell Gymnasium kept silent for almost the entire game. Even those loyal fans that showed up on this Sunday afternoon, couldn't be inspired by anything. The game was lacking its excitement. Bush didn't show the impressive dunks he used to during the regular season, spicing up the games and turning on the crazy crowd. Bailey wasn't in there either with his 3-point shots (0-6 that night). Christie's accuracy turned out to be a disaster as he shot 4-17 from the floor. There was Lamont Jones, desperately trying to create plays. While nobody responded, he took leadership and shooting upon himself, finishing with 20 points in the game and 2,003 in his collegiate career at UB.

While Franklin Pierce players' hugged in aftergame celebration of well deserved victory, UB fans and players cleared the quietly mourning gym. They had lost it all. Lost a chance to advance to the next stage of the NECC playoffs. Lost with that a chance to play in the NCAA tournament. And lost a chance for their fans to one more time enjoy the game. Nothing meant winning games all season, if, in the most important one, you had to walk off the court as a loser.

*To achieve all that's possible we must attempt the impossible—
to be as much as we can be, we must dream of being more.*

Gymnasts Set A New School Record

by Santa Puce

There was a sustained silence in the air as the results were announced. Only a moment later, piercing sounds of joy and excitement broke the silence when eight girls, like kids, started jumping and embracing each other, and running to hug their coach.

"All we heard was one-hundred and eighty-five," said Crystal Richard, a senior captain of UB women's gymnastics team, after the team set a new school record on March 1st at the Wheeler Recreation Center. "I was very excited," said coach Lorraine Duffy, who, throughout the meet, was pretty sure that the old record would fall. "By the way the were competing and doing their routines," she said, "I knew the new record was there." One thing is that the girls do not always believe their coach.

After posting the record, the team received the sixth place ranking in the nation (Division II). And now the team is, more than ever, ready for the National Championship which will take place in Texas in the middle of April.

"We are very strong right now, and want to go back and show we are better than last year," said Duffy. Last year UB, with six freshmen, finished eighth in the National Championships. Today, however, the same athletes are in different positions. "They've got more confidence, and now they know what to expect in collegiate competitions," Duffy says.

The coach also admits that last year was a good learning experience psychologically that has a lot to do with their athletic performance. Some would remember the financial problems the team faced last year, but that's not of a concern this season. "We've been raising money all fall," said Duffy. "We should be O.K."

One loss the team has to live with, however, is the top all-around gymnast last year. Margaret Ulett slowly recovers from the shoulder injury and will not be able to compete with full strength until the end of the season. "She is coming back, but because of a slow start she is not strong enough," says Duffy.

The team has bounced back from last fall's low split surprisingly



First Row, Left to Right: Stephanie Douglas, Tara Borgstrom, Crystal Richard, Kelli Mugglin, Angela Varney.
Second Row: Margaret Ulett, Tiffany Dickey, Dana Scanlon

strong and has received more help than expected according to Duffy. On some days they lack a trainer, and Lorraine herself has to wrap up ankles and wrists. But otherwise, the team is in there.

Athlete's Profile: Angela Varney



Age: 20
Hometown: West Chester, PA
Year at school: Sophomore

Major: Human Services; minor-Early Childhood Education
Sport: Gymnastics
Best all-around score: 37.75 (March 1, 1995)
Subject at school:
-likes: Donna Phillips's classes (au)
-dislikes: any kind of math
Food:
-likes: mashed potatoes, chicken
-dislikes: most vegetables and stir fry
Childhood dream: Teacher
Career goal: Own my own day care center and coach gymnastics
People:
-values: consideration and appreciation

"Treat others the way you want to be treated"
-disvalues: people who judge others without knowing them
Age started to do gymnastics: 7
Lucky number: 6
Nickname: Angel
Athlete/Idol: Dennis Byrd
Best athletic memory: Winning beam at Division II Nationals last year
Most important person in life: Mother
Aspiration for this season: help the team to get to Nationals and kick some butt
Quote you live by: Attitude is a small word that makes a big difference